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seated on a lounge, with a cup of coffee and a small glass of *kirsch* before him, a young journalist from Frankfort with whom I was acquainted, and at once entered into a conversation with him about this and the other watering-places of Germany, at which gambling is permitted by the governments, and forms one of the main attractions (?) for visitors. From him I gained considerable information in regard to the way in which this business is carried on, and about the history of some of the more prominent of these institutions.

But before going any farther, let me try to give the reader, who has never been there, an idea of what Homburg looks like. The small town itself is as plain and uninteresting a place as can be, the only feature of interest—besides the springs and establishments of Monsieur Blanc—being the old castle of the landgraf, which was built in 1680, and is surrounded by a large garden or park that affords a pleasant, and, especially on Sundays, well patronised promenade for the residents of, and visitors to, the place. The population, exclusive of foreigners, numbers perhaps eight thousand, and consists mostly of boarding-house keepers, proprietors of *hôtels garni*, and small tradesmen and mechanics. German is the language generally spoken, but nearly all people that one comes in contact with understand French, and many even a little English, Spanish, Italian, and Russian also, owing to the great influx of tourists and sojourners of all nationalities who live here all the year round; for at Homburg the season lasts all through the twelve months, and not, as at Baden-Baden, only six months of the year. The town itself consists mainly of two parallel streets, with crossings running at right angles, and the center of attraction is, of course, the *cursaal*, in which the waters are dispensed and the gambling carried on, the latter being assisted by two *trente et quarante* tables and two tables for *roulette*, with about twenty-five assistants or helpers in the shape of *inspecteurs*, *tailleurs*, and *croupiers*. The gambling goes on almost incessantly, day and night, and these officials have therefore to relieve each other in alternate watches, each watch or set serving at the table for six hours at a time. The pay that these assistants receive for their services is very liberal, particularly according to the German scale of remuneration; but then it must be borne in mind, that the duties which devolve upon this gentry are by no means of an easy character, nor are their positions sinecures, for it requires considerable skill and dexterity to be a *croupier*, and still more to be a *tailleur*. One of the inspectors at Homburg, who is now at Wiesbaden, received a yearly salary of about $2,000 and his board; some receive only half of that, or perhaps $1,500; and the salary of the *croupiers* is generally from $600 to $1,000 a year, or season, including board. The *inspecteurs* and other assistants at the *trente et quarante* tables are paid better than those at the less select and aristocratic game of roulette; and the apprentice at the noble art of tending gambling-tables has to go through a regular training and course, and must serve for some years at billiards and roulette before he can aspire to be promoted to the higher honor and larger emoluments of the *trente et quarante* or *rouge et noir* tables.

The visitors at Homburg are of a curiously mixed class; mostly *demi-monde*, gamblers, fast young men from Frankfort, and tourists from all parts of Europe and America, who are there to "see the elephant" and "nudge the tiger;" for among them are seldom found those who regularly "fight" that noble animal and make a business of it, though that is always in the end a losing one. The visitor at the Mabille and Closerie des Lilas in Paris, some few months before, will find here many old faces that he well remembers, particularly among the ladies, and he will hear French generally ignored, while Parisian is spoken to perfection. Students from Munich and other German university cities, during the holidays, also form a very noticeable sprinkling, though this element mostly appears, or tries to appear, *incognito*, as it is against the rules of the universities and *turnvereins* to gamble in any shape, manner, or form; but more particularly at regular established gambling places *outside* of the university centers. Checks or counters are not used, as in the American games of faro or keno, but the gold is deposited, then and there, on the card and to the amount that one desires to bet on against the bank, and if it is lost, the *croupier* rakes it into his bowl, already overflowing with gold pieces, with his long rake, like a billiard cue; or, if the card happens to be a winning one, the stake is doubled by the same mechanical-acting individual, who never makes a mistake and never moves a muscle in his face, no matter how much he scoops in or pays out. Fully one-third of the gamblers are women; and powder and paint, though indulged in by them to the very extreme (if an extreme there be), is there an unnecessary and useless precaution, for the excitement keeps their cheeks burning hot without the rouge, and when they lose, the ghastly pale of nature too often overcomes and shines through the elaborately and artistically gotten up bloom of youth, health and happiness, and the delicately painted veins in *bleue* at such times mock the anatomical knowledge of the artist who "did" them—for the real ones, which were previously concealed beneath the fair skin, are now but too plainly visible in intricate and knotted contour, raised by the passion and fevered blood of the fair but losing gambler.

A great many of the professional gamblers play according to a certain system, invented or adopted by them, and which they consider as a lever with which they will ultimately succeed in breaking the bank. Notwithstanding the frequent failures of those who possess these *arcanæ* against bad luck—and their often being eaten up completely by the tiger which they undertake to crush—these systems or calculations are in great demand and very generally employed. They mostly consist of a certain key, in printed figures, that is capable of being applied to the game in various ways, and have the appearance of a column of logarithms, or a compound interest table, printed on a narrow slip of blue or pink paper. Sometimes a gambler gets up a new system of his own invention, which he keeps constantly before him, in his own handwriting, and the secrets of which he can only himself understand. Others, again, employ complicated machines, or ready-reckoners of wood and pasteboard, which they manipulate, turn around and screw up and down, until it shows a certain card or number, which they will then play upon. In the fancy stores of Frankfort I have often seen these contrivances exhibited for sale; and, until a short time ago, I had in my possession one which I bought for one guilder, at Nauheim, and took home with me for curiosity's sake, and as a souvenir.

It is now more than twenty years since that the Blanc Brothers first started this establishment, after having had, for years previous, some experience in the same business at the then renowned gambling-houses in Paris, Nice, and Monaco. Their *modus operandi* was to enter into partnership with several capitalists in Frankfort, who furnished the capital necessary for the undertaking, and obtained the permission from the Landgraf of Hessen-Homburg to open a gambling establishment on his premises. By several new and captivating devices, they drew a great many of their former old customers, at the banks at Paris and Monaco, from these establishments to their new one, and at an early day insured success—they often paying as high as from thirty to forty per cent. dividend on the shares of their silent partners or stockholders. With the single exception of one or two seasons, the business of the bank has always been highly profitable; and, in 1864, when I visited it, it was said to make more money than ever it did before. One of the main attractions of the place, for a certain class of people, is the French Opera-Bouffe Company, which Mr. Blanc has had regularly engaged all through the season for some few years past; and most of the *prima-donnas* in this department of histrionic art, whom we have, of late, seen on our own stage, have, at some time or other, performed at Homburg under the management of Mr. Blanc. He also regularly employs the military band from Mainz, that discourses sweet music and military airs in the *cursaal* and grounds surrounding it all through the summer season; imports some of the favorite *chanteuses* from Paris and Vienna, and employs all other means by which he can lure young men of leisure and fortune to his establishment, where they are, of course, regularly fleeced—though this operation is gone through with in the most pleasant, polite and affable manner possible. But to atone for some of these aggressions, Mr. Blanc has also built a church at Homburg, or, at least, largely contributed towards the funds for its erection; and he is, in that respect, not unlike some of our own pious gold-brokers and stock-gamblers, who have no scruples in fleecing their fellow-men, and ruining legitimate trade by their speculations and manipulations in Wall Street on week-days, but are pious Christians and donate largely to the funds for the conversion of the Heathen Chinee when Sunday comes round. To tell the truth, we have no right to find fault with the unclean stoop of our neighbor's door, so long as we have not yet swept before our own.

It cannot be denied that the company one meets with at Homburg is less select than that which usually frequents the similar establishments at Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden. At the former place, particularly, society is far more select and *recherché*; there are less professionists, and the *demi-monde* is less conspicuous and obtrusive; and one might easily, when in the large and luxuriously appointed *Conversations Haus*, imagine oneself at a reception of some potentate or minister of state. The toilets of the ladies are of the very latest style and most costly materials; the gentlemen are in full dress and glitter with decorations and stars in enameled gold and diamonds; and no oaths or profane language is heard, everything being managed with the greatest decorum by the *maitre de cérémonie* and his black-coated and white-cravated assistants. And at Wiesbaden can be found many families belonging to the most respectable classes in Germany, who are there solely to benefit by the waters, the renowned *Aquæ Mattiaci*, the curative powers of which, for certain diseases, is beyond a doubt, and who never think of frequenting the gambling-rooms, or visit the *cursaal* outside of the concert-hall and reading-room. This is much more than can be said of Homburg, where nearly every guest, with but very few exceptions, is there with the avowed intention of gambling and winning by it; where nearly every woman whom one meets is gotten up in gorgeous style, with powdered and diamond-sprinkled hair and painted cheeks and eye-lashes, and every male seems to have a queer predilection for white pantaloons, black or blue velvet sack-coats, a watch chain of magnificent proportions, and a shirt front and fingers studded with diamonds—to usurp those places, how long? For there is also at Homburg dark stories afloat of despair and suicide; and many a bright and prosperous career has here seen its downfall and been abruptly terminated by a leaden bullet.

CLOUDLAND.

EDWARD S. CROSS.

SWIFT sailing Cloud! bearing away my grief,—
Hid in the fulness of thy silver fleece,—
Borne on thy wings,—my prisoned thought shall pass
The bounds that bar my eager, straining eye;—
O'er sounding seas shall pass to distant lands,
Where blooms the lotus, and where evermore
Blue skies light up the lives of happy men.
My soul shall wander through Arcadian shades,
And bask in vales Hesperian, and on shores
Campanian rest, and gaze on Tuscan seas;—
Roam through the enchanted realms of antique Song,
And, in the fulness of untroubled thought,
Live, rest, and hope, nor dream that care can be!

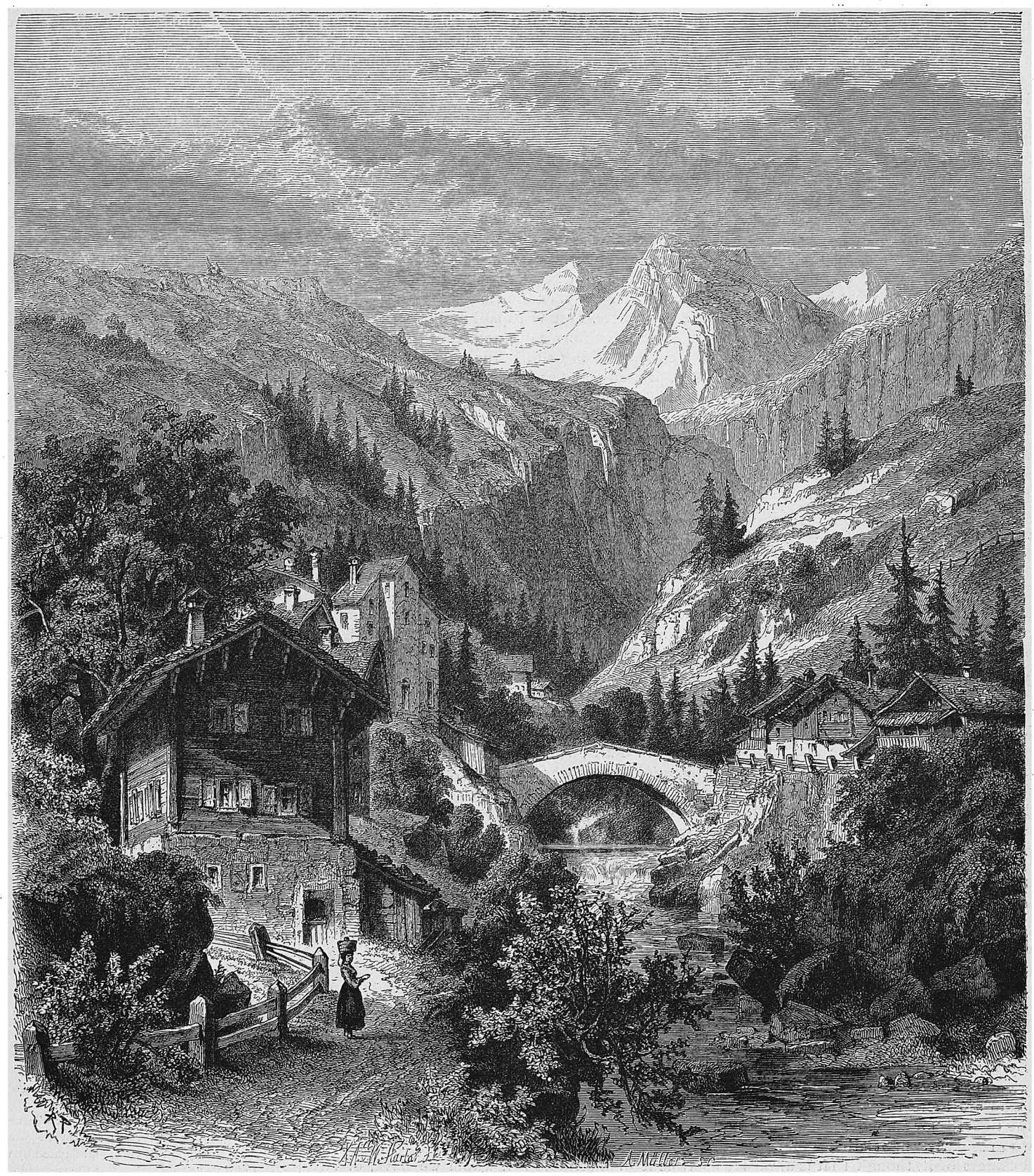
Yet who would leave, in thought, for distant lands,
This ever-varying landscape of the skies?
Bright Islands of the Blest we cannot reach,
Save by sore climbing steep mountain heights,
And reach—to find them naught but dreary mist?
And see, beyond, that sky which seemed so near,
Far, far beyond, that Sun which gave them light;—
Lands unexplored, save by the eagle's wing;—
Celestial battlements that proudly rise,
Daring wild winds to storm each airy hold;—
Ethereal Argos in a sea of light,
Sailing in quest of yonder Golden Fleece,
Whose splendor lures the westward-gazing eye;—
Streets, sapphire-paved, and flanked by walls of gold;—
O forms unnumbered, that the wearied eye
Dimly discerns, o'erpowered by shifting hues,
And the fierce lustre of the setting sun!

THE SPLUGEN PASS INTO ITALY.

OUR illustration gives a glimpse of a portion of the old mountain-town of Splügen, in the Grisons (or "gray country," from the appearance of many of the scarred, beetling rocks), in that portion of Switzerland lying immediately south of the Lake of Zurich, and one important point on the route to Italy over the Splügen Pass. Here shows the dark awful grandeur of a mountain devoid alike of snow, of wood, and of verdure, and nothing but dark, threatening, beetling rock, apparently ready to fall over at a word, and crush the daring intruder; there a range of snow-peaks, higher than the others, and unapproachably beautiful in the clear whiteness they thrust up to the blue sky, and yet by no means so impressive; and there, again, a mountain stream rushing madly down

beneath a pitched stone-bridge, scarcely conscious, itself, that it forms the head-waters or source of the storied Rhine, so memorable in history, so studded with crumbling old castles and strongholds, and costing so much, of blood and treasure, to keep over it that "watch" which seems one of the pet specialties of both the Gaul and the Teuton. Such, with a few minor details characteristic of the region, is the picture before us, which many more Americans will now be likely to recognize than could have done so at any previous period; as the route has been lately a especially favorite one, and has been traversed, during the Summer, by most or all the American Knight Templars, who went over to England in June to lunch with the Earl of Shrewsbury at Alton Towers on the Fourth of July, and who thence flew over the Continent with a speed outstripping that of their antique and errant namesakes.

The Splügen Pass is undoubtedly the most magnificent of all the routes to Italy, in spite of the well-founded claims of the St. Gotthard, the St. Bernard, and the Simplon. A lady of eminence, who traversed the pass in 1869, says: "I have now made all the passes, on foot or mounted, and I have no hesitation in saying that the wild magnificence of the Splügen, especially at the two points of the *Via Mala* and the *Gulf of the Cardinell*, excels all others and reaches the sublime of terrible and yet glorious grandeur." Perhaps a part of her enthusiasm may be accounted for by the fact that while some of the other passes alternate miles of comparative tameness with the grandeur of other portions, the Splügen seems to be almost equally magnificent, however varied in character, throughout. Leaving Zurich for Coire (the German "Chur"), whether by rail along the bank of the lake, with the snow-mountains bounding the view beyond it, or by boat on "fair Zurich's waters," enjoying the same view all the way to the landing at Rapperschwyl—in either case the scenery-enjoyment begins from the first, and the preparation is a proper one for the glories soon to follow. It is only on leaving Coire, of course, and getting beyond railway possibilities, into the wild fastnesses of the *Hinter Rhein*, with white cascades tumbling down the mountain-sides, and torrents roaring through the sombre and echoing glens, and ruined fortresses crowning inaccessible heights at every turn, and an occasional falling rock making thunder and a warning at once—it is, of course, only then that the true magnificence of the pass becomes apparent; and even this accession of feeling is dwarfed and half forgotten, when riding along the virtual shelf over the rushing Rhine many hundreds of feet below, and under the crags hanging a thousand or more of feet above, along that once fearful defile, beyond Thusis, of which the character is fully conveyed by the old name—the *Via Mala* (bad way).



THE SPLÜGEN PASS INTO ITALY

A WATERFALL IN THE LINTHAL.

THE valleys of the Tyrol abound in picturesque waterfalls, where the streams, swollen with the melting snows of the upper mountains, pour their accumulated floods over the rocks in mad leaps, and rush headlong through gullies and over logs and stones towards the level of the lower valley.

We present, in the accompanying engraving, a view of one of the most picturesque of these waterfalls. It is situated in the Linthal, through which the waters of the Zembach rush impetuously, falling over the rocks in many a graceful cascade. This romantic valley is situated in the southern part of the Tyrol, not far to the east of Innsbruck, and is a spot little visited by tourists. But the artist, or the true lover of nature, whose steps wander in that direction, finds himself among ideal Tyrolese scenery. The sloping sides of the lower hills are dotted with shepherds' huts, where, all Summer long, may be heard the lowing of cattle, the tinkling bells, and the musical *yodel* of the shepherdess, as she shouts a morning greeting to her neighbor; and rising, as a a mighty background, appear the toppling mountain peaks, sparkling with eternal snow.

THE way to gain a good reputation, is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*